THE WOMEN'S

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## "AN INSPIRATION TO ALL WHO HEARD IT."

[Such is the description of the following address of Rev. JONATHAN LEES, at the last annual meeting of the London Missionary Society. It was so highly appreciated by the Irish Presbyterian Church that it was published by them in tract form. It was forwarded by a friend in Ireland for publication in the MAGAZINE, and we regret that limited space will not permit its publication entire.—ED.]

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### CHINA'S NEED OF THE GOSPEL.

THERE are those who tell us that China does not need the Gospel. Well, friends, *you* do not believe that. We may admire much that we find in the Confucian ethics, and heartily recognize all that is beautiful in the traditional character of Buddha, without for one moment conceding that in these there is salvation either for the individual or for the nation. You know that Confucianism is confessedly a failure, that it lacks the motive power which is only to be found in Christianity. You know also that Buddhism is infinitely below it as a moral force. The former system is effete, but it is at any rate so far upon the right side. The latter is simply the blankest idolatry, the natural ally of ignorance, immorality and superstition. The light of Asia is gone out in the blackness of darkness. Do you ask for proof? I point you, then, to one of China's most famous nobles, and most enlightened statesman, who is, of course, a Confucianist, but who a few years ago at a time of fearful trial, when the rivers in a wide stretch of country had burst their banks and the crops and homes of the people were alike desolated by the cruel waters, paid repeated visits to a temple I know very well, and for what purpose? To burn incense and to prostrate himself before the supposed author of this terrible misery incarnated in a water snake a few inches long. I point you again to that weeping woman, the type of a thousand myriads of her sisters, from whom death has just snatched a little one who was the light of her eyes, to whom her hopeless faith gives no prospect for ever seeing her again. I point you once more to an aged couple who a few months ago, in despairing grief, buried their worthless son, and in the legitimate

ercise of their parental rights, deliberately put him to death, and then reported the deed to the local official. The sequel of this case was even more tragic and instructive. On his return home the father found that the widow of his murdered son had first strangled her child and then herself. Once more he has to report, but it is only to hear the magistrate praise the wifely virtue of the broken-hearted woman, to receive orders to give her a worthy funeral, and to prepare a statement of her conduct which should be forwarded to the Emperor, in the hope that there would be the usual mark of imperial approval. So I might go on. Do you tell me that such griefs and crimes are common in every land? Aye, but not with the sanction of the conscience of the people. Not at any rate in Christendom, as the outcome of ideas of religious duty and home relationships. Surely a land of which that is true needs the salvation which is in Christ Jesus.

### AN IDEAL LAND FOR A PREACHER.

Perhaps, however, the Chinese will neither listen to nor receive the Gospel. It is true that there are many difficulties in the way. National pride inclines them to look with contempt upon every foreign innovation which does not offer some material advantage. National jealousy leads them to doubt the motives of the foreign missionaries of a new faith. There is a strong natural presumption that we cannot have any truth to offer them better or even comparable to that which has come down to them from their fathers. Above all, there is the materialism and earthliness which is, perhaps, the largest element in the national character. And yet their traditional tolerance secures an ordinarily prudent man the chance of speaking, while their courtesy and curiosity makes them not unwilling hearers. China is thus far an ideal land for an enthusiastic preacher. It is his own fault if he lacks an audience. I wish I could help you to feel how large a field and how open a door there is yonder. Some of you appear to think the country is only just become accessible. The truth is that you are but just becoming conscious of the fact.

### "WE CANNOT FIND THE DOOR."

It is now more than twenty years since I traveled into the interior, a distance of over 1,000 miles, visiting a multitude of places where no foreigners had been before, and preaching in city, markets, town and village, not only without serious hindrance, but often with the marked intelligent interest of the people. Such journeys have become frequent since, yet it is rarely that one hears of a different experience. Some present may have heard me relate a touching incident I met with on a shorter tour a few years ago. It was near the close of a winter afternoon, and my carter was pushing on to reach our halting place for the night, when on passing through a village my eye was suddenly caught by what was evidently an extemporised temple matshed. Though pressed for time, curiosity led me to enter. Yes, there was the idol—a large picture hanging at the end opposite the door, and there was the familiar altar-table, with its incense pot, candlesticks and various offerings, while the sides of the enclosure were made gay with pictures. A few old men were at the moment the only visitors. As I stood there a man came to burn incense and to perform his prostrations. Then we talked. You can imagine it easily enough. They told me that their worship was to secure good crops. I spoke of the great loving Father in heaven who supplies all our wants, and then I spoke of Jesus. Rising to go, they begged me to retell the story, and when at length I must leave, sad at heart that we might almost certainly never meet again on earth, one old, white-haired patriarch cried out: "Oh, do stay and

teach us. We did not know this was wrong. Our fathers worshipped thus; we cannot find the door." Those words haunted me for many a day; they haunt me still. There are myriads who, consciously or unconsciously, are feeling for someone or something, they know not what. They cannot find the door.

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There is no land where the promise, "Strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee," has had in modern days a more striking fulfillment. Our great North China Viceroy, H. E. Li Hung Chang, and his philanthropic wife may have been consciously influenced by a generous desire to help the suffering poor; and the many officials and wealthy Chinese who have followed their noble example may have thought only of the good of their country; but they have been greatly honored of God indirectly to serve the kingdom of Christ, and we may well hope and pray that spiritual blessings of which as yet they have little conception may be their reward.

### CHINESE SECTARIES AND THE STORY OF CHRIST.

Before passing away from this question, let me mention one other matter. A very curious fact came to my knowledge only a few years ago. A number of men were in the habit of continually attending the chapel at Tientsin, and we noticed that they usually took their seats at the back, and we could not get at them for conversation, because the moment we went towards them they shied off, and would not make their appearance again for some weeks. At last some of our natives managed to get near them, and ask them a few questions. And what do you think the truth was? I should say that the whole of North China, and of the South, too, for aught I know, swarms with religious sects. We speak of these great systems, Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism and so on, but the truth is that the whole country is honeycombed with sects. Some are more political, some are religious, some are treasonable; but among the members of these sects will usually be found those who are dissatisfied with the faith around them, and so seek after something higher and better. Those men who were regular attendants at our chapel were the local heads of these sects. And why did they attend? In order to get pabulum to retail to their people; the truth being that Christianity had become so familiar among a class of the people that, though they did not like to receive it from the foreigner, they were willing to receive our statements second-hand from their own people. That is just an illustration, at any rate, of the way in which Christianity is gradually soaking down among the population, and the way in which the story of Christ is being assimilated in the minds of the people, and it will bear glorious fruits some day.

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### AN EARNEST APPEAL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

I want to ask every one of you to look at this matter from a higher standpoint—to look past me and not to hear my voice, but to hear the voice of One whom you all love and trust, who is our Great Leader, and I want to make a personal appeal to every one here this morning. If our society cannot send men; if, from some cause or other, the funds are not sufficient to warrant our directors to send out men to that district in India of which you have heard, and also to send an increased staff to other parts of the world, are there not in the churches those who ought to hear the Master's voice calling them to consecration—"Go ye into all the world and make disciples of all nations"? The words were spoken to every believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. I do think that the olden way in which we looked at these words ought not to be our way

longer. It ought not to be a question with us—"Is there any call to me to go out into the foreign field?"—we ought rather to say: "Have I any reason to believe that I am excused from obedience to that call? Christ has said 'Go,' and unless I have some reason to believe that I have a valid excuse—in other words, if He has not manifestly appointed my duty elsewhere—it is my duty to go and carry the Gospel, according to His will, to these who have it not." I want to ask you whether there may not be another solution of the difficulty. Are there not in our churches young men and women who have a small income, not large enough to mean anything great in England.—£150 or £200 a year? They would find it enough to live upon in China, and they could do glorious work for the Master. I believe there are young hearts eating themselves out for want of something to do, and to whom a glorious mission like that would be a very blessing from heaven. Then are there not wealthy men and ladies among the churches who will do as some of our friends have done recently? When our dear friend, Dr. McFarlane, and his wife recently went out to Tientsin there were friends in England who said: "We will pay their salary, and they shall represent us in the field." Why cannot more of that kind of thing be done? I believe in those old crusading days when men went to Syria to recover the empty grave of a dead Christ, wealthy men sold their possessions and joined the crusade, and others consecrated some of their wealth to equip their neighbors. Why should not we, when we are seeking a living shrine for a living Christ in the hearts of the heathen, follow their example? Are there any of you wondering how life looks to the missionary when life draws towards its close? Do I regret the years that I have passed yonder? No, verily, they are my glory and my joy. Full of trial, full of disappointment, full of pains that I do not care to talk about to you; still, they have been full of joy, and the Lord has fulfilled his promise: "Lo, I am with you alway."

### THE LAST ENTRY IN A MISSIONARY'S NOTE BOOK.

Let me show you one touching scene, which will illustrate something I have just said. John Smith Barradale went out in connection with our society thirteen or fourteen years ago. Alas! that dear lovable soul did not live long enough to write his name very deeply either upon the heart of the church at home or upon the history of the Christian church in China. He lived only five years; but I want to take you to the closing scene of that life—very suggestive. His wife had been carried away by disease a few months before. I went down with him to our district in the south-west of Tientsin, to our country churches there, and spent a little time with him. We were engaged upon relief work. It was during the time of the great famine. After a day or two I left him to make a circuit, and we arranged to meet at a particular point and go home together. Circumstances so turned out, however, that I was called home more quickly —arriving at home, in response to a letter, just in time to close the eyes of one of my oldest and dearest friends, and lay him in the grave. A few days afterwards, Mr. Barradale's servants brought him home on a stretcher, stricken with the same disease—the terrible famine fever. There were in ervals of consciousness when he would say: "Oh Lees, let me go; let me go home." I said: "We cannot spare you;" but his reply was: "Oh, letme go home." Then he would lapse into unconsciousness again. After two or three days of pain and waiting I had to close his eyes and lay him by the side of my friend. A few days later I opened his traveling bag and took out the note book in which he had made jottings of the incidents of his journey. I turned it over

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and over, and at last what was evidently his last entry struck my eye. You must picture him in that little room, some ten feet square, with its whitewashed walls and uneven mud floor, with the door taken down and put across a couple of forms as his bed—there he lies alone far away from his countrymen, even from Christian Chinese, except some two or three in the village who could not help him in his sorrow; there he is at midnight, writing by the light of a Chinese candle. As I read those lines I felt there were eyes watching him there with love and tender sympathy: "Took cold and fell ill to-night. Somehow it is fixed in my mind that this will be my last night. Should it be so, the will of the Lord be done. His name be praised for evermore! I should be glad, save that my work is such a shabby offering, and I shall have to leave my boy. Father, bless him and make him to follow after Thee, and to tread in his father's footsteps with a nobler and more conquering tread. Last night I dreamt that I was with mother and wife, but I awoke to yearn after them with bitter tears—the first since God took her. Does God still speak in dreams? Is mother gone too? Blessed be Thou, O God, who killest and who makest alive. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' 'His love passeth the love of woman.'" Oh, friends there is a voice there. John Smith Barradale, though dead, yet speaketh. Who will be baptized for the dead? "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

To whom speaketh thus the Master?
To the chosen Twelve alone?
Only to the few who saw Him
Rise to His eternal Throne?
Nay, all who've seen His Glory
Are among the blessed "Ye,"
And the Saviour's great commission
Is addressed to me, to thee.

In my hand I hold the record
Of his parting, one desire;
In my heart I feel the burning
Of His Spirit's holy fire.
He who seeks the lost invites me
Sharer of His toil to be,
And the word of His salvation,
Here entrusts to me, to thee.

God the Father—Strength and Goodness!
God the Son—Incarnate Love!
God the Spirit—Life and Wisdom!
One, all great, on earth, above:
What a glorious Name to publish
Through the world, o'er land and sea!
What a privilege the duty
Thus assigned to me, to thee.

Mine no words of human wisdom,
Mine no tale of earthly fame;
I can but repeat the story
Of the Cross of glorious shame,
Tell how Jesus bore our burden
In His Body on the tree,
And bid all men to learn His mercy,
From His grace to me, to thee.

Here I find no hard condition
Fettering love's willing feet.
Once His "Come ye" drew me to Him,
Now His "Go ye" is as sweet.
I but follow where He leadeth,
His two great commands agree;
"All the days I will be with you"
Is His Word to me, to thee.

So, though I am all unworthy
Aught for Him to say or do,
Yet I dare not leave to others
Service I may render too;
I should fear to lose His presence,
Nevermore *His* face to see;
I should dread the peace to forfeit,
Christ has given to me to thee.

Oh, who would not yield allegiance
To the King enthroned above!
Oh, who could refuse to witness
To the Saviour's mighty love!
Lord, I plead Thy gracious promise—
Thou with me, and I with Thee,
Here on earth and then in heaven;
Grant this joy, O, Lord, to me!

## *"CHINA AS A MISSION FIELD."*

In China the missionary has always an audience. Men come to stare more than to listen. "I took my *iyis*," said old Kying-ming, a Ningpo evangelist, describing his first acquaintance with the English preachers; "I stared at his hat, his umbrella, his coat, his shoes, the skin and hair; but *I heard not a word.* The next time I took my *ears* as well as my eyes, and was astonished to hear these foreigners *talking Chinese;* the third time, with eyes and ears intent, God touched my *heart*, and I understood and believed the Gospel."—*Selected.*

of his nose, and the color of his

## *REPORT OF SECOND PUNJAB LADIES' MISSIONARY CONFERENCE*

Which met at Amritsar, India, February 21, 1888, concluded. By Miss Rose A. McCullough.

GUJRANWALA, INDIA, Wednesday, Feb. 22nd.

2 P. M. meeting opened with prayer; then a paper by Miss Andrews on, The Employment of Paid Native Agents, in which she tried to show some of the evils of a paid native agency, and that those natives employed in this country should work for no salary.

The Conference decided that, although we should do all in our power to get voluntary work done, yet the time had not come when we could ask people to spend their whole time in spreading the gospel and receive nothing for it. They *could* not do it, for they would have to engage in other work to earn a livelihood for themselves and families, as the majority of workers are very poor.

In the discussion which followed some noble examples were given of native ladies doing volunteer work for Christ's sake; one of whom was Caranissa, the wife of the native pastor in Sialkot, of our own mission.

"New Converts," by Miss McCullough, came next in order. The mission of each one of us is, or should be, "the winning of souls"—the leading out of heathenish darkness into the marvelous light of God's love and peace. Day after day we go into the cheerless homes of the Hindoos or Mohammedans, or maybe into the schools or hovels of the poorest of the poor, to teach them the way of salvation through faith in a *living, loving* Saviour.

Sometimes our message is rejected; at others is heard from various motives. Often we *know* it is received from curiosity, but we labor prayerfully on, knowing that God has used even *that* as a beginning in the right way. Again, there are those who read and hear joyfully until Satan cometh in the shape of goorolis and moulvies and driveth away their serious thoughts and impressions, "lest they should believe and be saved," and *they* lose some worldly benefit. There are also seekers after the truth; the seed falls into good ground and baptism is asked for. The heart may have been brought to this stage by years or months of teaching, or by the providencies of God.

However that may be, a desire has been expressed to be numbered among the people of God. We rejoice, yet we hesitate, not just certain what is best to do. There may have been much feeling exhibited, but strong emotion is not always a true sign of faith and repentance. The one whom we have seen shed most tears over hearing and reading of the death and sufferings of Christ, after baptism proved to be one of the vilest of women.

It may seem strange to some that when converts are what we seek and work for, we should be perplexed about the course to pursue. But such is often the case, for man is not omniscient, and we are working among a people taught to look upon deceit as a virtue. We are not the only ones pondering over this grave question, for at the North India Conference of the Methodist church, which met in Cawnpore, January 4, it was shown that the missionaries of that body prefer to move slowly and not baptize quickly.

The most important debate at the above Conference was upon the subject of "immediate baptism." Our own mission, which met in January, also had a conference upon the same question, and, with one exception, those engaged in the work decided it was best and wisest to defer baptism except in rare cases, and thus test the inquirer's sincerity.

I know many oppose this, and quote the case of the jailor, &c. But those who have worked much among baptized people, and been put to shame before the

heathen by the actions of baptised ones, and heard the taunts and jeers because of wickedness which a respectable heathen would scorn to do, will unite with me in saying, it is better "to wait a little." The wicked acts of a baptised man or woman injures or brings reproach upon the church, but the wicked acts of an unbaptised man or woman does *not* injure the Christian church.

The state of society from which converts come—compulsory marriage, plurality of wives, customary treatment of women if childless, condition of widows, hope of worldly advancement to the poor and degraded—has also to be taken into consideration. And even in the case of women who have husbands and children with whom they are apparently living happily, it is best not to hasten. The Lord commanded that "a woman should not leave her husband. But 'and if she depart, let her remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband.'" So a woman, if married, should understand before baptism that she must live with her husband afterwards, if he will with her, or remain unmarried. *We see* and know how difficult it is for native women to remain unmarried in this country, at the present stage of morals. Therefore, as baptism is *not* a fact, neither does it *create* a fact, but is only the indication of a fact. why should we produce a state of things which is contrary to God's word, to obtain the *indication* of a fact.

'Tis true it is God's command to receive baptism when there is faith, and every true believer *should* receive baptism. If there is true faith, there will also be strength to keep the other commands of God. But if there is not true faith, baptism will not give the power to live a Christian life, nor save the soul. When a woman shows that her faith is a living thing, by being a better wife and mother, daughter, sister and neighbor—by being a Christian, *then* she is ready for baptism. "Wherefore by their *fruits* ye shall *know* them," is just as true today as when our Saviour was upon earth in human form.

No hope of support, *i. e.* service, should be held out to a convert before baptism, even if it is the intention to give it. God has promised to give necessary food and clothing to those who seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, said promise being just as plain as the promise of Eternal life. And if faith is not strong enough to take God at his word in regard to worldly substance, they are not ready to receive the rite of baptism. The best help we can give to any one is aid to self-help. To do otherwise takes away the self-respect of a man or woman, and breeds in them the spirit of dependence. Of all the Christians I know, the best are those who have been made to stand upon their own feet and fight their own battles. The mother who is most successful in the training of her children is not the one who bears all the hardships and solves all the difficulties herself.

We have a Christian family in our midst, whose sons are a testimony of the truth of this. Apparently the parents did all they could to have them walk in the right way, but sadly failed. They were selfish, tyrannical, careless and lazy. I couldn't understand it until one day, when talking with the mother, she spoke of eating all the dry bread herself, as they could not afford to throw it away, and the children *would* not eat it. I knew then the secret of failure. And if the missions and missionaries eat all the stale bread in the shape of difficulties, and make too smooth the way of new converts, the result *must* be disastrous.

Sometimes it may be necessary for things needful to be provided for a new convert, but it should be done by the native Christians, not the mission, and only done in exceptional cases. A noted evangelist said, "No true physician would indiscriminately prescribe cod-liver oil to a lot of people suffering from various

complaints." So no rule can be laid down in regard to the support of new converts, except that they must have hard work and plenty of it, and of a kind they can perform.

In regard to the protection of converts can say little, but think a woman's best protector, if married, is her husband and family, even though he should be something of a tyrant. Persecution is not as injurious to faith and growth in grace as some other things she might have to contend with if separated from them.

And now, my dear sisters, we *teach* and *believe* in a *living* Saviour, and in an omnipotent and omnipresent God and Father. We have in our hands his word for our guidance and direction, and we read there, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it *shall* be given him."

After some discussion upon the above paper and prayer meeting, adjourned to meet the next morning at ten o'clock.

At five o'clock in the afternoon members of Conference assembled in the English church of Amritsar to hear a sermon preached by Rev. Mathews, the Bishop of Lahore. The Bishop took for his text, Mark 9; 29, from which he preached a sermon, very appropriate to the occasion, and which could not but benefit those that heard it.

THURSDAY, Feb. 23rd.

10 A. M. Devotional meeting by Miss Hewlett. Psalm, 126 was read, and commented upon.

After the opening exercises a paper was read by Miss Greenfield on "Evangelization *versus* Education." The one supreme aim of every missionary society, and the one all-absorbing business of every individual missionary, is the evangelization of the heathen—the proclamation of the Gospel to every creature. For this object, societies are formed, prayer is offered, money is collected and lives are devoted. By whatever means we may seek to reach the people, our aim is nothing less than this—to bring them to "Know Him" "whom to know is life eternal."

Zenana missions began as an educational scheme, whereby it was hoped that the light of Christianity might be introduced into India's homes, wedded to the simple arts of reading, writing and needle-work. And the scheme has prospered greatly, as far as numerical increase goes; and I do not doubt that spiritual results far beyond our cognizance have been attained, which only *that* day will reveal. Certain it is, that year by year the number of ladies engaged in this work, and the number of pupils under instruction, has greatly increased. Bazar schools for girls, under the supervision of the zenana missionaries, have in some places preceded, and in some followed, the more private teaching in zenanas. But in most missions in the Punjab both of these methods are now in use.

The kind of education given in zenana and bazar schools was at first very elementary, the primary aim being to introduce the Gospel. Most stress was laid upon reading. The books as far as possible, from the very first, were such as taught in simple language the general truths of our holy religion, and the teachers one aim was to impress those truths on the heart. All this had its value; the earnest effort of missionaries to educate the women of India have drawn attention to the subject and roused the Government to some slight effort in the same direction. They have gone a long way too to kindle a desire for female education amongst the natives themselves.

Great changes have taken place in the field in respect of increased facility for evangelization. The English lady with her white umbrella and bag of books is so familiar a figure in the streets and lanes of the city that many women who

are not her pupils, instead of shyly hiding behind the door, will look out and greet her with a friendly salam as she passes, and should she turn in for a chat will gladly bring out a seat and give her a warm welcome. In the villages crowds of women will gather to hear her sing and read, and the men are but rarely obtrusive or unmannerly. At the bathing places in the melas the zenana teacher, with her native assistants, may move about unmolested in the crowds, and find rare opportunities of speaking to strangers from distant villages. There is a thirst, or at least an awakening, making itself felt all over India, and there are times of great ingathering before us. The great need of India is the Gospel, not only preached but practiced, amongst the people; and we must look to the Christian church in this land to become self-propagating, as well as self-supporting.

There is no more important influence in the church than that of its women—Christian wives and mothers; nor any more potent evangelizing agency than Christian female teachers. We look anxiously therefore to the girls who are growing up in the church to occupy both these important positions, and desire that they may be so educated as to be, by God's grace, fitted to take their place in the church as evangelists, either in the sphere of home life or the more public, but not more sacred, office of teachers. Missionary societies in England and America have shown their sense of the importance of the education of Christians by voting large sums of money for the support of such schools and sending out missionary ladies to superintend them. Several large boarding schools for girls, in the Punjab, are maintained almost entirely out of funds collected on the plea that the schools are for the furtherance of the Gospel. The poor, the children in Sabbath-schools, the struggling toilers at home, are encouraged to bring their little offerings and add them to the fund, on the pretext that this work is a missionary work.

It is incumbent therefore on those who superintend the charitable education thus given to the girls to see that no means are spared which may tend to raise them to a strong, vigorous Christian womanhood and fit them to take up and carry forward the work of the Christian church. Whatever in their education, in their moral training or their domestic habits, hinders this, may fairly be regarded as "*versus* evangelization."

The moral and religious influences brought to bear upon our girls are of supreme importance. We must remember that in but few Christian homes, as yet, is there that pure, high-toned Christian atmosphere so often met with in pious families in England and America. The influence that there is exerted by loving, prayerful mothers must in most cases be exercised on these dear girls by their teachers, if they are ever to experience it. The formation of the girls' characters will depend more on school training here in India than in the home-lands. We must not forget that these children, though specially privileged in their circumstances, are no more Christians than the heathen around until they receive the grace of God; and they need the Gospel personally and practically urged on their acceptance. Their life-habits are to be formed; the practice of private prayer and study of the Scriptures, if not acquired now, may ever be wanting. Evil tendencies, some of them the outcome of hereditary and national failings, or the relics of heathen prejudice and superstition, have to be watched and combated, and new principles inculcated. In short the most important part of school training, and that which should take the first place in the consideration of the teachers, is the development of Christian character. It is necessary that much time and attention be given to the study of

individual character, to private conversation and prayer with the girls.

Only second in importance to the moral and religious influence, is the domestic training of the girls, and this requires most careful supervision. Not only their own well-being, but to a very large extent their future usefulness depends on the domestic habits acquired at school. Their food, clothing, and all their domestic arrangements should be kept as simple and as much like non-Christian natives as possible.

This is a much disputed point, some insisting on regarding the acceptance of western civilization, so-called, as a necessary and proper accompaniment of Christianity from the West—about as sensible a conclusion as it would have been for the people of England to adopt Jewish modes of dress and food because the Founder of Christianity was a Jew.

I only beg of those who differ from me on this point to remember that every English innovation or change in the habits of the native Christians is not only a fresh and unnecessary barrier to separate them from their own nation, and make of the native Christian church a new caste, an artificial society, devotionalized in the name of a foreign religion, but it seems to give the impression to the heathen that the main idea in becoming a Christian is the adoption of European customs.

Why is it that converts from heathenism, though but imperfectly instructed, often make our very best evangelists? Is it not because they are in sympathy with the people, can feel at home with them, sit and talk familiarly with them of every day matters, and so win them to listen to higher things?

May God grant to all who are engaged in this most important work such grace and wisdom that the education of our Christian girls may not in any way prove "*versus*" evangelization.

After remarks on Miss Greenfield's paper, Miss Catchpool gave us some methods or modes of evangelization. She had found it best in her village work to go out in the winter after eleven or twelve o'clock and remain until four or five, as the women are then usually at home. Should go to the houses of the people and sit down among them upon a low stool or seat and ask after their houses and children &c. In short try to win their confidence and love, as the people are more inclined to look at our actions than our inner motives, then lead the conversation to higher things.

Teaching the commandments and Lord's prayer and verses of Scripture with explanation, telling the story of the creation and fall of man and the birth, death and resurrection of Christ as simply as possible, going from house to house, also singing for them, as they are very fond of music, are all good ways of reaching the people.

Me las or fairs useful as a means of meeting the women—the speaker had met women there who had no opportunity of hearing God's word in any other way. Should not give presents to the people, except when thoroughly well acquainted with the persons, and then only in exceptional cases and for work done.

RECESS.

2 P. M. Meeting opened with prayer. A discussion on "Economy in the use of mission funds" was opened by Miss Pratt, in an able manner, showing how mission money could be wasted in the building of mission houses, in prizes given for attendance at school, in paying native agents, &c. Superintendents of schools should encourage their girls to not expect large salaries. Salaries should be small because we do not wish people to enter the mission ranks because of the salaries offered.

Mrs. Harrington, the wife of an English official, then read a paper on "Means of raising funds and interesting

English ladies in India." A discussion followed and then adjournment.

In the evening a "sociable" was held in the Alexander Girls' School, refreshments and music furnished by the Church Mission of Amritsar. The Bishop of Lahore was present and the missionaries had the pleasure of a fatherly shake of his hand and a few pleasant words of greeting.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 10 A. M.

Devotional meeting by Miss MacQunes, an English lady visiting relatives in Amritsar.

"Non Christian Schools and zenanas" by Miss Aitken.

"Medical Work" by Miss Sharp, of St. Catherine's Hospital, Amritsar. It was shown that girls should not begin the study of medicine before the age of 16, and it was the opinion of many that they should be 18. Also shown that native girls should study medicine in Medical *Mission* schools because there they study only women's and children's diseases.

RECESS.

2 P. M. "Literature," by Miss Wanton, of the Church Mission, Amritsar. Then a standing committee was appointed to prepare zenana literature for the women of the Punjab. Miss McCahon, of our mission, was appointed a member.

"Miscellaneous questions" followed and "thanks" to the good people of Amritsar for their kind hospitality to the members of Conference, as well as to God, for the pleasant meeting and fellowship.

Adjourned to meet in 1892.

## "FOLDED HANDS."

[Note.—The following lines were written by a dear sister, asubscriber for our magazine, who has been a sufferer for eight months. A friend took her a book of poems entitled, "Folded Hands." She was only able to read a very little inthe book, but the title suggested to her active mind the enclosed poem which she sent to me. And I thought perhaps they would fill a corner in our magazine, and comfort some dear afflicted one.]

Yes,—My hands are idly folded;
Long weeks and months have gone,
And still with halting footsteps,
The days creep slowly on,
Morn, with unstinted measure
Brings to me, full meed of pain;
Night, clothed in sable garments
Leaves a shadow in her train.

My hands are idly folded,
And I sadly wonder why—
My path is over-shadowed,
When the sunlight gilds the sky,
For oft the gloaming gathers
At the rising of the sun,
And the shades of night close 'round me
Ere his noonday course is run.

My hands are idly folded,
And I can but sit within,
While others pressing forward
Gain the prize I long to win.
I can but wait in silence
And harken to the sound
Of the toilers' tuneful voices
As they till the Master's ground.

My hands are idly folded,
While the days pass one by one,
And the work which seemed *so* pressing
Is laid away—undone.
Fain would I leave behind me
The great highway of pain—
And mingle with the reapers
Who gather in the grain.

My hands are idly folded,
I can neither sow nor reap;
Through weary days appointed
I may only sit and weep,
And yet I would not murmer
God knoweth which is best—
The raging of the billows
Or the calm of quiet rest.

My hands are idly folded,
Yet eagerly they grasp—
And hold a precious promise

Within their feeble clasp.
Words full of sweetest comfort,
I con them o'er and o'er—
"My grace shall be sufficient"
I could not ask for more.

Yes—My hands are idly folded,
Yet—"They too may serve who wait,"
If I cannot join the gleaners
I may sit beside the gate—
And with cup of purest water
Refresh each toil-worn one,
Trusting that the loving Master
May speak the words, "Well done."

MRS. EVA MACKINTOSH,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

## *REPORT OF NORFOLK SEWING SCHOOLS.*

EARLY in the year we felt there was pressing need to have sewing taught in our school, but all were too busy.

New goods came in the boxes and the girls were eager to learn. Consequently I started a mothers' meeting to be held every Wednesday afternoon. I divided the women into classes and selected the most efficient as teachers. Each member was furnished with a calico bag to hold her sewing outfit and work.

The meeting was opened with scripture reading and prayer. After the work was distributed and all were quietly engaged with their sewing, I would sometimes read to them. But as most of my teachers needed teaching and I tried to oversee all the work, I had little time for this. Such tracts as "An appeal to working women," by Elice Hopkins, were listened to with interest.

Hard, indeed, would be the heart that would not be stirred with the sight of their sin-scarred faces, thin, shabby clothing, and remember that most of them were mothers and many of them had large families and were in no way fitted to bring them up. Yet their eagerness to learn is very encouraging.

One afternoon I did some very plain talking. I told them I knew the kind of lives they were leading and that I believed the greatest obstacle in the way of the elevation of the colored race was their impure and immoral homes, and begged them as wives and mothers to consider these facts and ask the Lord to help them to do right. They gathered about me after school and shook hands in such a pitiful way as though they craved some new assurance that, knowing all I did, I could still be their friend.

No garment could be taken away until finished. It was then given, but as all the sewing was done by hand, no one received much.

Sometimes I called on one of the women to close with prayer. I will give you a specimen: "O! Lord, bless our teacher, who has come away over the land to read to us the things we cannot read ourselves and to teach our children the things we cannot teach them ourselves, and bless our children and make them good children and smart children, Lord."

The class grew until there were sixty-five in attendance. I no longer had either the strength or the time to manage it properly. Indeed, I must say it never was well managed, for my duties as matron of the home made it impossible to do the work in a systematic way. Much of the cutting had to be done out of school and I found it impossible to supply so many cut out garments.

In December I was compelled to close the school and did it most reluctantly, for not only did these poor women need to be taught nearly everything that a mother needs to know, but they also needed the warm garments, and then I found the sewing class a good recruiting station for my Sabbath school bible class.

Oh! that some mother that has the means would remember these poor ignorant and incapable mothers and send to help them some one who has a mother's heart to feel for and sympathize with them—one who is fully consecrated to the service of God and could love these sister mothers because Christ died for them. I had neither the time nor the money to do anything but a little gleaning.

A sewing class for the girls was announced at the same time and met on Saturday afternoon. It was conducted on the same plan. After the girls had made a garment it was given to them. I gave instruction in the best way to put on a patch, mend worn out sleeves and work button holes. I also gave short simple talks in hygiene. They are very fond of physiology. I asked one girl if she could tell me how many bones there were in the human body and she said, two.

This class grew until one day I had a hundred present and I closed the school in sheer despair. Unaided I could not teach so many. The work was of necessity being done in a slovenly manner and they needed no teaching in that direction. This was the same week in which the women's class was given up.

At the close of Christmas holidays, after two or three weeks' rest, another effort was made. The teachers were asked to select six from each room (excepting the High school) making a class of thirty-six. This time I resolved not to permit the school to increase. We met each Saturday afternoon and spent from two to three hours. Five colored women gave very efficient help. They were carefully chosen. Each teacher had charge of six girls and they were not allowed to sew for themselves in school. For every afternoon's work each teacher was credited with twenty cents. This was paid with old clothes from the mission boxes or goods to the amount earned, the five teachers thus costing one dollar per week. One who was a sojourner with us for a time took the sixth class and gave real heart service.

The second effort was much more satisfactory. The work was well done and the improvement in some cases astonishing. I was beset with urgent requests for admission at home and in the street. Notes were sent stating special needs and special reasons why they should not be denied, but experience had taught me something, and I was resolved that no more should enter than could be well taught.

We had a delightful school—all were so teachable, so patient and persevering that I often said the happiest hours of the week were spent in that school.

One afternoon about the end of February, Mrs. Francis, the wife of Mr. H. Francis, the evangelist whose labors have been so greatly blest to our students, came to talk to the girls while they sewed. She spoke very sweetly and earnestly from the words, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," psalm 32:1. Both girls and teachers listened with delight, and at the close of school one of my helpers in passing out gave her hand to Mrs. Francis and said, "Good bye, I am one of the forgiven." I never shall forget that happy blessed afternoon.

Often when all were quietly at work I would say, "sing, girls," and they would all join in singing some of their weird strange hymns. The impression made on me listening is indescribable. They are for the most part a religious people, but it is religion without morality. One of my best women said to me lately, "Mrs Wallace, the white people blame the culled people for stealing and its true. They certainly does steal. Seems like they got into the way of it and can't quit. Why, I never in my life had a full meal until after I was married." I met with the girls once more after Mrs.

Francis' visit and then the Lord gave me my work in the sick room. Week after week rolled by and the girls are constantly asking "When will we have sewing school?"

All of March and April have gone and the unfinished work is still in the bags in the sewing room. Next Saturday we hope to meet and give out the unfinished garments, that they may be completed at home. You will see how little has been accomplished, but my efforts shall not have been in vain if my failure to do this work will lead some one to supply the board with money to pay the salary of a sewing teacher and move some woman who does love the Lord and her neighbor as herself and say, "Here am I, send me."

No one should come without this love n their hearts, for the negroes are a very sympathetic people and they must feel that you love them, but believing this they will listen humbly to the closest kind of teaching.

During a recent visit our secretary said to me, "Many persons object that the colored people are already religious and do not need missionaries." Now what would you answer to that objection, andI was dumb, because not being will' ing to talk even to an assemblage of my own sex of what I have discovered of the life in the South. I can only add that our poor, unfortunate sisters here are reaching out after a higher and better life and shall we, who have been so blest with light, refuse to them the helping hand? I never saw anywhere such gratitude and appreciation for even feeble and fitful efforts made in their behalf and as I have received from the negro women of Norfolk.

ELIZABETH R. WALLACE.

# Missionary Correspondence.

## *MISSION WORK AMONG THE WARM SPRING INDIANS.*

On our arrival at Warm Springs, July 6th, we had scarcely had time to enjoy the cordial welcome accorded us by Brother McBride and his wife to the mission home before a messenger arrived from the "He-He" camp, twenty miles away, to make sure that religious service would be held there on Sabbath, July 8th. The prospect of another long drive was not attractive, but we volunteered to go, and the next morning found us, with an Indian team and driver and our lunch basket and bedding, on our wearisome journey.

To describe our journey would be impossible. The white line of our road stretching away over the abrupt rocky hills and treeless plains, with their dull green covering of sage-brush and bunch grass, relieved only by the rare green spots where the Indian has begun his home, and the sparkling faces of the mountains Hood and Jefferson, as they look from their pitiless cold to the no less pitiless heat below—it cannot be described, it has to be seen. Civilization does not well fit the scene.

An Indian flying along on his pony with his red blanket girt about him and his long black hair streaming behind him is as much, from the artists point of vision, a part of the scene, as a milk maid might be to a New England pastoral.

There is such a thing as excess of scenery, and it was delightful after several tedious hours, to find ourselves on the brow of a hill overlooking the Indian camp. The object of the camp was to celebrate Independence day, but if one day is good a week is better, and so five or six hundred Indians were enjoying

their picnic in their own way. The Chinook word used by them to express this style of enjoyment will convey the idea to the uninitiated; it was a "He-He."

The camp was on a mountain stream in the edge of a pine forest; the shade, wood, water and grass for the ponies, that as surely go along as the dogs and babies, and perhaps that it was long ago the boundary between the Warm Springs and the Wascos, made good reason for the choice of the spot. In the center of the camp the national colors were flying and small flags were numerous about the tents.

As we approached the camp we were met by Elders William Parker and Tulex Holliquilla, with the dignified courtesy that is an inheritance of the Indian, and were taken to a large tent near which great preparations for dinner were being made. The women greeted us here, more shy but not less friendly, and we were told that the dinner in preparation was in honor of a deceased sister.

Two long tables were being loaded with a very good quality and variety of food. White oil-cloth served for table-clothes and the plates, knives, forks, cups and saucers were "all same Boston man." The bereaved family were Wascos and their hospitalities were extended to the Warm Springs. The table seated about seventy and when the food was lifted and the tea poured a bell was rung, and then I wished the friends of the mission had been there to see.

The Warm Springs do not yield to Christianity as do the Wascos. They live far from the agency and mission, are difficult to reach and more determined to remain Indians. The tables were soon filled with men, a few with the hair short but mostly long and braided or flowing free; many wore blankets over their clothing; (none of these Indians but wear the white man's dress,) many had colored their faces red and some had the same stuff smeared over their hair; some had feathers in their hair or hats, and one had an immense bunch of chipmunk tails on his hat.

These are the wildest Indians on the reservation, but all sat quietly until Tulex Holliquilla asked a blessing, and as they ate I only saw one who so far forgot himself as to take his meat in his fingers. The tables were filled three times, the food being cooked on a small cook-stove and at two camp fires.

After dinner a memorial service was held, several Indian addresses were made and prayers offered. Then we had our tea with Tulex and his family—meat and potatoes, peas, rice, dried peaches, green gooseberries, and a very good cup of tea. By the kindness of Elder Kishowak we were provided with a good tent and were rested and ready for the services of the Sabbath.

By invitation of Que-a-parma, the Chief, the services were held in the Warm Spring Council-house, and the summons to the service was a bell rung in different parts of the camp. The council-room was an immense booth of willow poles and boughs, and was about eighty feet long. Around the sides and opening into it were the sleeping apartments of the principal families. On the ground all around the sides were gay blankets and woolen robes, with an occasional buffalo or wolf skin, covering the larger part of the floor but leaving a bare space through the center where fires had been burning, the smoke finding exit through the willow boughs overhead.

The Christian Indians gathered round us where we were given the seat of honor, and we sang Bible songs while the audience gathered, and again I wished the friends of the Warm Spring mission could have looked in. The sunlight peeping through the willow boughs on the bright carpet; the Warm Springs with their long hair and feathers, with their brilliant blankets about them; the Christian

Indians easily recognized by their expression and demeanor as well as by their short cropped hair and citizens dress; the boys and girls, who plainly show what the school-house may do for this people; the one white man with open Bible; the sound of prayer and praise and the brief English sentences interpreted into Wasco and then into Warm Springs.—I wish I had the power to show it to you as it lingers in memory.

During the afternoon a religious parade by the Warm Springs, which was indescribable, was followed by a horse race about two miles from camp. Service was again held with the Christian Indians in the evening.

One cannot be here and not be quickened in interest in the Home Mission work. If all white men were Christian the evangalization of this people would be comparatively easy. The church at large can but little realize the counter influences that Brother McBride and his wife have had to meet and still struggle against.

As the Sabbath evening drew on everything settled to Sabbath quiet. Even the inevitable Indian dog seemed to forget his vigilance, the wind sighed among the pine boughs, the creek babbled over its rocky bed, and three pale faces and several hundred red men and women of the mountains slept until the morning.

LIZZIE V. WILSON.

Warm Springs, Oregon, July 21, 1888.

## *LETTER FROM INDIA.*

AMERICAN MISSION,
Jhelum, India, June 8th, 1888.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

Summer has come. With what eagerness we look forward to this season at home, with its flowers and fruits, with its fragrant meadows, sweet bird-songs and soft breezes, but summer in India! I am only learning what it means; but already I have found that blazing sun, hot winds, withering vegetation, dust storms and a great many other unpleasant things go with it.

It is too hot now to be out in the middle of the day, so we go out to work early in the morning and return before the heat becomes intense.

Jhelum is situated along the river bank and this makes the work in the city pleasanter than it would otherwise be, for in the morning we are frequently refreshed by cool breezes from the water.

We have opened a new school for Hindoos in a house quite near the river, so I have frequent glimpses of the splendid swollen stream. In winter it is a broad bed of sand with a little sluggish water here and there, but at this season it is filled from the melting of the snows near its source. Its banks are lined with bathing ghats and idol temples, some of which are large but none very imposing; many of them are quite the reverse.

One huge idol daubed with red paint is a particular eye sore to me. There is a well for Hindoos on the corner of the street leading up to the new school and thither many men and women go with their brass vessels for water. When we meet on the street, which is about three feet wide, they crouch close up to the wall lest we should come in contact, for should I even touch their clothes, the water they are carrying would be defiled. Often while thus avoiding me they make salaam with smiling countenance, for they feel well disposed to the missionary. I carefully avoid polluting them.

The schools are doing well and I am much encouraged by the regular attendance and good work of the girls. It is such a pleasure to see their intelligent faces and to know that they will never be as stupid as their poor mothers. Then

too, day by day, they are learning the principles of the Christian religion.

Among our zenana pupils are several bright young women who give evidence of profiting by the instruction they have been receiving for so many years. Two or three women of wealthy families say that they do not now believe in idols, and one of them said: "But if I leave off worshiping idols my people will persecute me." Although they may never have courage to profess Christ before the world, who can say that they do not have faith in His name even if it be but small and weak?

Cholera has lately broken out in the city, though as yet but few deaths have been officially reported. This, at home, so much dreaded disease, causes but little alarm here. The natives are firm believers in (kismet) (fate) and that gives them a stolid serenity of mind. However, such prompt measures have been taken to prevent the spread of the cholera that we anticipate no trouble from that source.

Mrs. Scott remained so long on the plains this summer that the children all became pale and ill and for their sake her departure to the mountains became a necessity. The night before they left Jhelum the baby, our pretty, blue-eyed Violet, was so overcome with weakness and so prostrated with the heat that every effort was required to keep life in the little form until she could be taken to a cooler climate. Now, after a few days in Murree, she is her old self again.

By the time this reaches you, Miss Anderson will be in America. Those interested in the work at Jhelum, will be able to learn much more from her lips than can be told by letter.

Sincerely yours, ANNIE F. GIVEN.

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## *LETTER FROM EGYPT.*

CAIRO, June 2d, 1888.

I have just returned from a visit to Shablenga, a village about an hour by train north of Cairo. Yunan, the corporteur, met me at the station and took me to his house where Daheb, (Gold) his wife, welcomed me warmly. This young man Yunan (Jonah,) is one of our best and most successful colporteurs. He was formerly a soldier, and the only one, who, when volunteers were called for to go to Souakin, offered himself, (a rare thing for an Egyptian to do.)

After he left the army he became a door-keeper at the mission-house that he might have, he said, an opportunity of learning to read God's word and hear the gospel preached, and as my class in the Sabbath school is made up of men servants, he was for some time a member of this class. His wife also from being a bigoted Copt has become an earnest Christian and a great help, trying to do what she can to enlighten her poor ignorant sisters.

Yunan has a large tract of country assigned to him, over which he travels from village to village selling Bibles and telling the good news of salvation to all who will listen. When he came to Shablenga he found the people were for the most part well-to-do Copts, having a church in which they took great pride keeping it clean and in good order (which I fear cannot be said of many of their churches.) They had heard of Protestants, and, hating and fearing them, determined that they should not get a *foothold in their town.* Yunan suffered not a little persecution at this place, but he bore their taunts, jeers and curses with a meek and quiet spirit, becoming only more determined to do what he could to enlighten them. He hired a room where he could live and also hold meetings, as the people were afraid

him into their houses.

When the priest heard it he was so angry that he ordered him to give up the room and leave the place immediately, declaring at the same time, "that any who would go near him were excommunicated from the church in heaven and on earth." Many were frightened away by this, but a few more enlightened ones clave to him. Of these the most active in taking Yunan's part was a poor man who is almost blind, who had for years been receiving a living for himself and family from the Coptic church. When this man bravely stood by the colporteur and declared that he *would* be free to study the Bible and obey it, the priests were so enraged that they cursed and excommunicated him and cut off his living entirely.

At the present time there is a great awakening among the people, both men and women of this village, and many are searching after the truth. The colporteur has nightly meetings for the men, which often continue till after midnight. They wanted a teacher for their boys and I asked Yunan to get them one and they would pay his salary. He got a teacher for them from our Cairo Boys' School who calls himself a Protestant, and the school (which was very nice and in good order when I saw it) is considered by them a Protestant school.

To return to my visit: I arrived at Sheblenga at about 10 a. m. Almost immediately people began to come in to give me a kindly welcome. The "Book" was brought and I was invited to read and explain. Many of the points of difference between our belief as Protestants and that of the Copts or Catholics, were by them brought up, such as transubstantiation, worship of the Virgin, fasting, salvation by good works, &c., &c.; also, verses of scripture they did not understand and wished to have explained.

There was much prejudice to be seen. For instance, one man said, "If an angel from heaven were sent to tell him that it was wrong to worship the Virgin he would not believe him; but there was also a great deal of earnestness and a seeming real desire to know the truth. This reading, explaining, answering and asking questions was continued without intermission, except what time we took to eat our dinner and make a short visit to the school, until four o'clock in the afternoon, when Yunan asked those present to retire from the room that I might have a little rest, for which I felt grateful, as I was indeed weary and hoarse from so much reading and talking, but the women said, "We want you to pray with us before we go." I was much pleased with the deep interest manifested by all.

After resting awhile, I was sent for to visit the school again and "teach them to sing." I tried to teach them Lyra, which we sang to a part of the 19th Psalm. They were charmed, and said it sounded like music. Some of them said it sounded like a whistle, others that it sounded like a piano. The latter idea I think they got from their teacher, for I don't suppose that any of them had ever seen or heard such an instrument in their lives. I am sure, gentle reader, *you* would have been much surprised at their idea of good music had *you* been there.

After that we visited several houses, reading and talking to the women as we had opportunity.

The women in this village are far more closely veiled than any I have seen in any other part of Egypt. They wear a thick black veil reaching from the eyes to the feet, and most of these veils have eight, ten or more gold coins in rows, one row over the nose in the middle with a piece of red coral at the top, and a row at each side of the veil. Besides this many of them have four, five or six gold chains hanging from the top or upper corners of the veil in front of the ears.

These chains are from a foot to a foot and a half in length. They also wear immense ear-rings.

This head dress, or at least the veil, is worn all the time, in doors and out, and only removed at night when they retire to sleep. They live in mud houses, which have very little furnishing, but were cleaner than most Coptic houses.

One old woman wore, under a thin covering of black, a very curious head dress, which I will try to describe. Over the top of the forehead, under a little flat red fez, were I think not less than a hundred gold coins, closely overlapping each other, and on the top of the fez at the back was a golden crown about the size and not far from the shape of a large saucer. An old man, a very attentive listener, asked if it were right that this woman should wear so much gold. He said, "She is a widow and can do as she pleases with this gold, but these younger women are married, and the gold they wear is their husbands' which they must wear or not, just as the husband says." We had been reading of the rich young ruler whom Jesus told to sell all that he had and give to the poor and follow *Him*, so the old lady was advised to spend her money in sending the Gospel to those who have no means of getting it, but she, poor soul, was herself ignorant of the way of salvation.

The next morning we arose early intending to visit as many of the women as possible before leaving at ten o'clock, but no sooner was breakfast over, than five or six or more men came in to read and talk on the subject of religion, among them an interesting Mohammedan Sheikh. After talking awhile, Yunan begged them to excuse us, as it was necessary for us to make several calls before train time. As we, Jonah, Gold and I passed through the very narrow streets, the people came out to see us, and many of them insisted on me making them a longer visit. One woman when she first saw me exclaimed, "The English have taken the town," but when I told her that I am not English, but an American, they seemed to feel quite satisfied.

M. A. SMITH.

## *A JAPANESE BABY.*

The babies in Japan, writes A. V. R. Eastlake in the course of a "Japanese Lullaby Song" in *St. Nicholas*, have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country young babes are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button or a pin, or anything, goes straight to the little, rosy, wide-open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course; but the punishment is very strange. There are small pieces of rice paper called moxa, and these are lighted with a match and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out; but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these moxas. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.

# Young Peoples' Department.

## *HELP ONE ANOTHER.*

Selected.

"Help one another" the snowflakes said,
As they cuddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt;
But I'll help you, and you'll help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see!"

## *ONLY A PICKANNINNY.*

In the road are children playing,
Some colored men are busy haying
In a meadow we can see.
The cabin rings with merry clatter
Of dish and spoon and fall of water
A happy picture as can be.

Around the curve a carriage dashes,
From horses' hoofs the fire flashes,
The driver sits erect and calm;
The children run, but one is falling,
The driver laughs to see him sprawling,
"It's only a pickanninny, ma'am."

The lady's lips in terror parted;
But from beneath the wheels he darted,
With whitened eyes and ashen face,
And hardly could he be persuaded,
By words with fruit and pennies aided
By her side to take his place.

To her his color little matters,
Or that his coat's all flaps and tatters,
Or that his shoes were never there.
She can look beyond the portal
That hides from view the soul immortal
And see the beauty shining there.

She talked to him about his danger,
His strange escape, yet how much stran-
Is God's unceasing daily care. [ger

She tried to teach him to aspire
To something better, nobler, higher
Than merely clothes and daily fare.

"Please ma'am," he answered, stammering through it,
"Dah is no way dat I can do it.
I cannot rise, I'm sho' to sink.
Why, once I said, 'I think I can sah',
And then they laughed and made a answer
"Little darkies cannot think."

So she told him to write to you,
And he hopes that somehow through
He will learn of better things. [you
Hopes you'll pity their condition,
Their ignorance and superstition
Of witches' tricks and magic rings.

### THE LETTER.

Now I clah I can't forget 'ah,
And I'll try to break the fettah
That has bound me, with a will,
But *I* tells *you alls* in dis letter,
Wifout yo' help I can't be better,
I'se a pickanninny still.

I went once wha' dey called de Mission,
And I'se had a great ambition
To be like dem was what went dah.
Dey put me in along o' seben,

An a white man told us about heben—
A place all beautiful an fah.

Den dey run on, wif much feelin',
About de lying' an' de stealin'
We'se been doin' im de past.
Dey said dey was de works of ebil,
Bein' tempted by de debil,
Who would catch and hold us fast.

One thing was strangah dan all uddahs;
Dat we an' white folks's were bruddahs
And dat is why I write to you.
If you'se my bruddah you will teach me,
You will find some way to reach me,
Find some way to help me through.

Julius Cæsa', dats my bruddah,
Was huntin' sumach for my muddah,
An' de bushes cotch his hah;
An' de brush was mixed wif briar,
Dat scratched, and to', and burnt like fiah,
But do you think I,d leab him dah?

So if you all's my relations,
Though dahs dfference in de stations,
(I must speak I cannot hush.)
You will find some way to reach us,
You will send some one to teach us,
You will help us out de brush.

MADGE A. GOLDEN.

## *LETTER FROM EGYPT.*

**Extract from a letter written by Mrs. Alexander, Egypt, to the "Willing Workers," Wooster, Ohio.**

THERE are now over two hundred and fifty boys in the college, and their ages range from six years to twenty-five. Some of them are about your size and age and study much the same as you do, only the boys get a Bible lesson every day, which you do not have at school. You have Christian parents who teach you what is right and what is wrong, while the most of these boys get no training whatever in their homes. Like Topsy they have "just growed up." From the time they are old enough to talk or know anything they are taught to lie and swear and steal. They have no idea that it is a sin to swear or take what does not belong to them. If they can cheat or steal and not be found out, they are considered very smart. Their parents often give them money for their tuition and they come here declaring with great oaths that they are poor and have no money; but Mr. Alexander has become accustomed to their tricks and goes hunting around in their pockets until he finds the hidden treasure. Often they are really poor and cannot pay anything or only a portion of the tuition required. Such boys are received and out of school hours work to help pay the fees. They do all the sweeping for the establishment, help with the cooking, set the table, wash the dishes (which consist of one tin dish for each boy) sweep and sprinkle the yard, &c. At six o'clock in the morning the rising bell rings, which is the signal for the boys to get up. Soon after they go to the bath-room to wash their hands and faces—the different rooms taking turns. They then have worship, each room separately.

There are generally about twenty boys in each room. At seven o'clock they all go to breakfast and at 8:20 they go to chapel for singing, reading and prayer, after which the recitations begin and continue until noon. At twelve they have dinner, and at one school begins again and continues until half past four; supper at five and study hours from seven to ten. So you see the boys do not get much idle time for play. Those who do not pay in full do their work outside of school hours—from 6 to 8.20 and from 5:30 to 7 in the evening; so they have but little time for play. They all march into chapel, to the dining

room and bath-room. Each boy furnishes his own towel and soap if he uses any. On Saturday the boys wash their own clothes and bathe, taking turns.

Their beds are made of wood and are about one foot from the floor, extending the whole length of the room on both sides. Each boy furnishes his own bedding which sometimes consists of a mattress, blanket and a comfort, but more frequently of a straw mat. Many of the boys have barely enough to keep them warm, and they of course sleep in all their clothes, while those who are better off remove some of their outside garments at night. All wrap themselves up entirely in the covering so you could not tell which is head and which is feet. During the day the bedding is rolled up and laid across the head of the bed. The beds are all joined together and look more like a raised platform, such as you have in your school houses, than like a bed. It is one of the rules of the school not to furnish bedding, clothes nor books. The headdress is a red cap, which they always wear. It would be very impolite for them to remove their caps.

On their feet they either have the native red slippers or shoes something like yours, only with rubber instead of buttons. Some wear stockings and some wear pants and coat. All the teachers, except one, wear coat and pants. Many wear a coat over the loose native gown, and many wear just the loose blue gown over their underclothes.

The most of these boys when in their homes were accustomed to throw themselves down in some dirty corner and wrap up in some filthy covering and sleep. In the morning they neither washed nor combed nor dressed, as they slept with their clothes on. They never read the Bible nor prayed nor heard a prayer. They ate and lived almost like so many animals. Now do you not think that a boy who is in the school for six or eight years or even three years would make a better man than if he was left to grow up in his degraded home? Surely he must be a better man. And now don't you want to help some of these boys grow up to be good men? For some of them are, indeed, very poor and can not get even their books and bread. Many of the boys bring their bread from their homes and then their tuition and board costs $1.80 a month and for nine months or a year it would be $16.20. If they do not bring their bread the cost is $3.10 per month and $27.90 per year. But many boys are received into the school for less than $1.80 per month; and if you could not pay all you might pay at least half the fees for one boy, or even one-fourth would be a help. Think of the many blessings you have—good Christian homes and parents, good schools and all free; and think if you cannot do something to help these poor boys who want to learn the truth, who want to be better men than their fathers have been in the past. Our Heavenly Father will accept and bless even a small gift if given in the right spirit. So do not be discouraged if you cannot give a large amount at first. May the good Father bless each "Willing Worker" with His richest blessings.

Lovingly Your Friend,

CARRIE ALEXANDER.

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I do not know the time when in China Christian women were not working for their sisters in that land, for we must not forget how much has been done by missionaries' wives. At first I was afraid of my own work in China, of bringing western methods to bear upon eastern women, and especially upon the Chinese. I felt that we were not sent to Americanize or Anglicize or Europeanize the Chinese, but to Christianize them. But I have seen the great benefits of this work among women, and have great confidence in it. If we can only get the men's wives we have got the men.—*Rev. J. S. Swanson.*

## *CHURCH HISTORY.*

*Sarah.*—Mamma, have you heard of the large addition to our Sabbath-school library?

*Mamma.*—I have heard of your having new books, but had not heard the number.

*Robby.*—O, Yes, mamma, and they are such nice books, and our teacher gave one of them to Harry Wilson today. It has a picture in it of a boy falling off a donkey. Can I ask her for it next Sabbath?

*Mamma.*—No, dear boy, you know I prefer selecting books for your Sabbath reading.

*Sarah.*—Knowing your wish, mamma, I did not bring one home.

*Mamma.*—I am glad, Sarah, you so respect my wish in this regard. I have felt thankful that my books were selected for me when a child by wise parents. When my father was very young his father took him to a book-store for the purpose of purchasing a book for his boy. When leaving the store, after the purchase was made, he asked why he had not taken the book which the merchant praised so much. His father replied, "Because I saw a bad word in it." This made a lasting impression upon the boy's mind, and has influenced many others since in the same direction.

*Sarah.*—Do you think biography good Sabbath reading?

*Mamma.*—Yes, there are many biographies which cannot fail to benefit all who read them, lives of both men and women, and such is the opinion of A. J. Gordon in his volume "The two-fold life." He says, "Next to God's recorded thoughts, the greatest aid to a Christion is the communion we have with God's people in their experiences. Each believer needs the help of every other in order to apprehend God, with Paul, "that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints," and with the psalmist, "Come and hear all, ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Each child of God hath a separate religious life, and others may find in them what they wish to know." In our further talks upon church history we will have the autobiography of Augustine, which has been esteemed as useful reading ever since his time.

*Sarah.*—Cannot you tell us of him this evening?

*Mamma.*—We might do so, but I think it best to talk of some of the events in the third century, and coming in order to Augustine in the fifth century. Septimus Severus reigned in Rome. He was born in Africa, and all history records his cruelty.

*Robby.*—Why, mamma, he must have been a black man, for Africa is the black man's country.

*Mamma.*—All we know as coming from Africa are black. They are from tribes, from which men were stolen and sold into slavery. Sarah has been reading of that country in her history, and will tell you something about it.

*Sarah.*—Yes, Robby, but its name in the far off olden time was not Africa, but Libya. One section of the country was named Africa by one of the Roman emperors. Heroditus, the Greek historian, calls the northern part Libya and the southern part Ethiopia. Now, the whole continent we know as Africa.

*Robby.*—Why, mamma, grandpa told me that not long ago people bought and sold black people.

*Mamma.*—Yes, some people in some of the states did so previous to our last war.

*Sarah.*—We read of slavery existing in very ancient times. At one time when there were in Greece but 30,000 freemen, there were 400,000 slaves.

*Mamma.*—Yes, all ancient history tells us of this system, and from Noah's speech to his grandson we may infer there were slaves before the flood. We

read that in three centuries, including that of Queen Elizabeth, there were 40,000,000 men, women and children torn from their homes, and sold for slaves. Thousands died on board ships from inhuman treatment.

*Robby.*—O, dear, well, just tell me who sold the first man?

*Mamma.*—Dear Robby, no one living can answer that question, but we learn the first man sold in this country was in 1620 when a Dutch vessel landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in which were twenty Africans. These were sold to a gentleman of the town. Now, the world is learning the brotherhood of the whole race, and soon the last slave will be freed.

*Sarah.*—Yes, mamma, that must be so when the world is influenced by Christ's truth, for in Him is neither bond or free—all one in Christ. But we forget Septimus Severus.

*Mamma.*—We will not talk much of him but of some Christian names found in early church history during his reign. The first we mention is Ireneus, who, though properly belonging to the second century, lived into the third, and was for a long time assistant pastor of Lyons. Bobby, I guess you would like to have Sarah tell you of this city.

*Sarah.*—Yes, Robby, when you become a traveler you will find Lyons to be the second city in importance in France, not only as to population, but as to its industries and education; in its public library you will find 130,000 volumes. The city is situated between two rivers, the Rhone and Saone. These rivers are crossed by 19 bridges. Its principle industry is in manufacturing various silk fabrics, giving employment to 100,000 persons. Lyons was founded forty-two years before Christ.

*Mamma.*—Of Ireneus we learn that he was a Grecian and his instructors were Papius (pastor of Hierapolis) and the great Polycarp. He not only preached and taught but wrote much in defence of Christ's truth, for even in that early age various heresies afflicted the church.

*Sarah.*—Are any of his writings recorded in church history?

*Mamma.*—Yes, many tracts on various subjects, and some of his letters; of the latter, one to Florina, from which we quote: "How could you so soon depart from the faith? I remember you as a boy, and although you were a person of rank, you desired to be approved by our preceptor, the good Polycarp, he who related to us his converse with John and others who had seen our Lord. It was well that he did not live to see these days, for then he must have shut his ears and cried, "I cannot endure these things."

*Sarah.*—It is a pity, mamma, that more of the writings of these men had not been preserved.

*Mamma.*—Well, much written by them was controversial, and not interesting to us, except to cause you to feel as did the Apostle at a much earlier period in the Christian church: "I marvel that ye are so soon removed from Him that called you into the grace of Christ, unto another gospel."

*Robby.*—I guess they did not read the Bible every day, Mamma.

*Mamma.*—True, dear boy, but they did not have Bibles as we have them, and not until a long time after this were all the parts of the New Testament gathered into one book; the gospels and epistles were scattered and carried with the Christians into the various countries where persecution drove them.

*Sarah.*—Are there any others of this century of whom you can tell us this evening?

*Mamma.*—We will have time to talk some of Tertullian, who lived into this century, and is said to be the first Latin church historian whose writings have come down to us. He was a learned man and a Christian, and interceded with the emperor at various times in behalf of the Christians. He differed from the

Apostle Paul in that he enjoined a monastic dress and was not willing to be all things to all men, if thereby he might save some.

*Sarah.*—Did he succeed in his intercession with the emperor?

*Mamma.*—The emperor was for a time very gracious, but we know not whether from Tertullian's apology or of his being cured of sickness by a prescription given by a Christian whose name was Procolus

*Sarah.*—I would so love to hear some of his words to Severus.

*Mamma.*—Dear Sarah, our time has almost expired, but some of his expressions are so fearless we will quote them. At one time we hear him say, "We look not to the capitol of Rome, but to heaven above, for the soul knows the seat of the living God, whence it had its origin." At another time he says, "We pray from the heart for all emperors that they may have a secure empire, a safe palace, strong armies, a faithful senate, whatever Cæsar wishes for himself. I cannot solicit these things from any other than from Him whom I know I can obtain them." Again we hear him say, "Thus then, let clans of wild beasts pierce us, or their feet trample us, our hands stretched out to God we do not fear. Let crosses suspend us, let fire consume us, let swords slay us, a praying Christian near to God can endure anything." Again, "Were we disposed to render evil for evil, it were easy for us to revenge the injuries we sustain, but God forbid." "We do not want for forces—are there not multitudes of us in every part of your dominion? It is true we are but of yesterday, yet we have filled your cities. towns, castles, camps, councils, courts, palace, senate and forum, we leave you only your temples and gods." "We are prepared, but our religion requires us to suffer death rather than inflict it." "If we were to make a general secession from your dominion, you would be astonished at your solitude." "We are dead to all worldly honor and dignities." "The whole world is our republic." "We are united in one bond of faith." "We nourish our faith by the word of God." "Those who see us without prejudice say, 'See how these Christians love one another.'" These are but fragments from his apologies to the heathen emperor.

*Robby.*—Well, I like that man—he was so brave; but Mamma, I am sleepy, and I am sure it is time for worship. M.

# Editorial Department.

The Lutheran Missionary Journal says the coffee produced on our mission farm in Africa during 1887 brought into the treasury of the Board $3,112.35. There are 13,000 trees in bearing on the farm and during the last two years 35,000 young trees have been planted. When these come into full bearing the mission will derive a very considerable revenue from them. We have recently received a lot of between 3,000 and 4,000 lbs. and our Treasurer, Mr. Oliver F. Lantz, 109 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md., will take pleasure in filling orders in quantities to suit. The quality of the coffee grown and cured under the direction of Bro. Day is not excelled by any that comes into the market.

Our readers have already seen the appeal in the church papers, from the Board of Foreign Missions, asking the children of the Sabbath schools to help their brothers and sisters in Egypt and India, by giving the contributions of the present quarter to the support of schools in these countries. The children have always responded liberally when a special

object has been presented to them, and did they know that schools which had been in existence for over thirty years, *had actually been closed for want of funds*, we feel sure they would 'come up to the help of the Lord' and roll in such an offering as would not only re-open schools already closed, but open many new ones to lighten the hearts and brighten the faces of the sadly neglected children of India and Egypt.

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From Damascus comes the sad intelligence of the death of Dr. Michael Meshaka. It occurred at his home in that city on July 6th. He was one of the earliest converts of our mission in Syria and was a man of high position and great influence. He is well known in Protestant circles throughout Syria and Egypt by his writings on religious subjects which have been the means of bringing many to the light. He has left a strong impress on mission work in those lands and many of his admirers have delighted to style him the "Luther of Syria." Mrs. Dr. Crawford writes: "He was conscious to the last and greatly enjoyed having my husband read and pray with him. He will be greatly missed."

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The Woman's National Indian Association represents twenty-six states, and contains sixty branch societies and is officered by able and earnest women. From the Christian Statesman we glean the following:

"The public conscience has been aroused by their appeals. Congress has been moved by their mammoth petitions. The first sheaves have been reaped in the Dawes bill, and its overshadowing protection. Sixty-six tribes, representing as many thousand persons, are yet without a mission. The women of the Reformed Presbyterian Missionary Society of Pittsburgh Presbytery offered synod the help of $800 to make at least one tribe less in that great number who are without the comforts of Christian homes and the gospel of Jesus Christ. A missionary has been appointed. The society has agreed to pay the salary for the ensuing year, and as this work of faith and labor of love for the Indian has been begun by the women of this church, let us join hands and efforts with them in the good work of sending the gospel to those who sit in darkness in our land."

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## *A REQUEST FROM THE WOMEN'S BOARD.*

It is earnestly desired that all societies and individuals expecting to support orphans in the "Little Girls' Home," at Knoxville, Tenn., this coming year, will report to the undersigned immediately. This becomes necessary in order that the management at Knoxville may know at the opening of the school year how many they will be justified in receiving, past experience having taught them that it is not wise to receive more than support is pledged for.

C. JANE VINCENT,
Cor. Sec. Freedmen's Mission,
69 Arch St., Allegheny City, Pa.

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As noted in our August number, the MAGAZINE Committee had hoped, with the beginning of the new volume, to enlarge the MAGAZINE and make it more attractive in matter as well as more instructive. Every month many articles are left over which we think would be of interest to our readers, but it is in possible to insert so much matter in so small a space. In order to carry out our plans funds are absolutely necessary, and we urge all who are interested in the work; and agents of societies to make a special effort to procure renewals as speedily as possible and obtain as many new subscribers as can be secured. Subscriptions are still coming in, but not so rapidly as we had hoped. Whilst we think the future of the MAGAZINE is assured, yet this is a somewhat critical period in its history, and if that interest be taken, and that effort made, that may confidently be expected from those of our Church people who have its success and interest at heart, the power for good and the influence of the MAGAZINE in the furtherance of the true missionary spirit and work will be greatly magnified. We therefore earnestly request our friends to renew their efforts in its behalf and forward all names as soon as convenient to the Treasurer, Mrs. J. G. Carson. We must acknowledge the just complaint of some of our subscribers who have not received some of their numbers. We cannot certainly determine whether the fault is with our mailing department or the Postoffice authorities. We have tried to be as careful as possible in this matter, and whenever we have received a complaint we have given it our personal attention as soon as possible. We ask all subscribers who do not receive their MAGAZINES by the 15th of the month to notify the Committee, and the omission will be promptly supplied. To those who, during the past year, have not received all of their MAGAZINES, and who will notify us of the missing numbers, the same will be supplied so far as the Committe can do so from the numbers now on hand.

# Women's Auxiliary Board, &c.

RECEIPTS FOR JULY, 1888.

(When not otherwise specified, the money is from the W. M. S. of place named.)

FOREIGN MISSIONS.—Cambridge, N. Y., $9.54; North Henderson, Ill., 16; Portersville, Pa., 14; Jamestown, O., 21, 46; Clifton, O., 15; Laurel Hill, Pa., 18; Carmel, Ind., 9.45; Southern Illinois Pres., 7; Hartstown, Pa., 10.

SALARIES.—Miss Smith, Garnett Pres., $12.50; Miss Hogg, Y. P. M. S., 2d Allegheny, 50; Miss Strang, Southern Illinois Pres., 44.25; Miss McCahon, Chartiers Pres., 25.

MISCELLANEOUS.—From estate of Miss Lenora Martin, deceased, Living Lake, Ia., zenana work in India, $25; 2d New Wilmington, Pa., Bible readers, Jhelum, India, 37.50; 2d Xenia, O., Bible reader, Sialkot, India, 50.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL HOSPITAL, INDIA.—Guinston, Pa., $6.20; North Shenango, Pa., 10; Mrs. M. M. Ross, Horace, Kan., 5; Miss Ella M. Ross, 5; "A Friend" through Rev. W. W. Barr, D. D., Phila., Pa., 500; Latrobe, Pa., 12; Miss Mary Bruce, Albany, N. Y., 100; Garnett Pres., 10; Infant Class, McKeesport, Pa., 5; Mrs. Mary B. Sloan, Blairsville, Pa., 45; Fairfield and Ligonier, Pa., 10.

HOME MISSION.—Mexico, Pa., 19.50; 1st Xenia, O., 25; Y. L. M. S., Clifton, O., 4; Laurel Hill, Pa., 9; West Unity, Pa., 10; Southern Illinois Pres., 11.25.

FREEDMEN'S MISSION.—Huntsville, O., 10.

LITTLE BOYS' HOME.—Garnett Pres., 5.

CHURCH EXTENSION.—Union, Butler Pres., 10; Y. L. M. S., Clifton, O., 4; Los Angeles, 30.85; Huntsville, O., 11.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF.—Hartstown, Pa., 2.

CONTINGENT FUND OF WOMEN'S BOARD.—Butler Pres., 4.

THANK OFFERING.—Rec'd since July 12th, Indiana Pres., 1; Cedar Rapids Pres., 1.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

CORRECTION.—Thank Offering as reported in the minutes of the W. G. M. S. and August number of the Magazine, should be, from Los Angeles 37.35 and not San Francisco.

## MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

Action of the Ladies' Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian church, of Elizabeth, Pa., on the death of Mrs. E. Weddle, July 13, 1888:

WHEREAS—It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His allwise providence, to remove by death, our esteemed friend and co-worker in this society, therefore

*Resolved*, That in her death we have lost a dear friend and helper whose Christian deportment and influence was for good, and one of our most earnest and devoted workers.

*Resolved*, That while we, as members of this society, deeply feel our loss in her removal, and shall miss her earnest labors and kindly sympathy, yet we bow with submission to the divine will, knowing that "He doeth all things well."

*Resolved*, That we recognize in her death a call to more earnest work for the Master.

*Resolved*, That the earnest and heartfelt sympathy of this society be extended to the aged parents and orphaned children in this, their great bereavement, and with them we rejoice in the assurance that their and our loss is her eternal gain.

*Resolved*, That this society present a copy of these resolutions to the family, and that they be published in the WOMEN'S MAGAZINE and Elizabeth *Herald*.

MRS. S. S. ROBERTS,
MRS. T. FERGUS. } Com.

The following is the action of the Woman's Missionary Society of the 3rd U. P. church, of Xenia, O., on the death of Mrs. Ella Walker Gibney, who died on June 13th, 1888:

Inasmuch as it has pleased our Heavenly Father to again visit our society and remove so suddenly by death another sister and co-worker, beloved by us all, Mrs. Walker Gibney, we desire to express our appreciation of her life, her earnest Christian zeal in the discharge of every duty; also that we recognize this divine dispensation as coming to admonish us to duties she has lain down. One taken so suddenly from active scenes of life, emphasizes the importance of improving our opportunities in our Master's work. We would emulate those virtues that characterized her earnest performance of duty—ever conscientious in the service of Christ. We trust her memory will inspire us to faithful perseverance. May it be the will of God to bring from this dispensation greater devotion and love for this branch of the Lord's vineyard. The church in all its departments has lost an earnest Christian worker—the community an exemplary character—the home a cherished loved one. "He doeth all things well" whispers the comforting spirit. We know in all the mysterious plans of God no mistake can be made. He never fails—no disapointments to those who put their trust in Him. Comfortless ones be comforted. Jesus often makes you portionless here to drive you to himself.—the everlasting portion.

He knows us better than we know ourselves, plans strange paths for His children. With the husband, grandmother and motherless babe, we listen to the words that come from the divine lips of a real Saviour: "That which I do thou knowest not now, but shall know hereafter."

Young flowers and an ever green tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest,
But no Cypress nor Yew let us see,
For why should we mourn for the blest?

MRS. W. G. MOOREHEAD,
MRS. GEORGE MOORE,
MRS. CHAS. H. KYLE. } Com.

The following is the action of the Foreign Missionary Society, Jamestown, O., June 1st 1888:

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father, in His allwise providence, has taken away from us by death the oldest member of our society, Mrs. Mary Morrow Harper, aged 81 years, therefore,

*Resolved*, That we express our appreciation of the exemplary life of this mother in Israel, especially her meek and quiet spirit in the home, her marked kindness and hospitality, also her unswerving devotion to principle and her continued zeal in the work for Christ.

2nd, That we, as a society, tender our sympathy to the bereaved children and relations, for we sorrow not as those who have no hope, but rather rejoice that as one by one the Redeemer gathers His children home, His prayer is answered: "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

3rd, By this, another visit of the death angel, we would be stirred up to renewed diligence in the work before us, in preparation for the coming life. Even the days of four score years soon pass away.

COMMITTEE.

## PROGRAMME FOR MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

1st. Psalm 51, 6 and 7. 7s.
2nd. Prayer.
3rd. Bible readings. Serving Christ: The mind (Disposition, Feeling,) of a servant; Phil. 2, 5-8; Matt. 11, 29; Jno. 13, 4-17; 1 Pet. 2, 21; 1 Jno. 2, 6; Heb. 12, 28; A. Seeking the same ends or object as the Master; Luke 19, 10; Matt. 18, 11; B. Obedient; Matt. 26, 39, 42; Jno. 6, 38; Jno. 10, 18; Jno. 15, 10; 2. The instruments of service; Eph. 6, 11-18; Col. 1, 9; Heb. 4, 12; 2 Tim. 3, 16 and 17; 3. The power for service; Acts 1, 8; Col. 1, 10 and 11; Eph. 1, 17; Eph. 3, 16; Eph. 6, 10.
4th. Reading minutes of previous meeting and roll call.
5th. Essay—"What woman has received from Christ; what she owes to Christ."
6th. Several prayers interspersed with singing Psalm 39, 1-4, (S. M.), and Psalm 123, (C. M.).
7th. Missionary intelligence.
8th. Miscellaneous business.
9th. Adjournment after singing Psalm 127, 1 and 2, (L. M.).

MRS. H. F. WALLACE,
MRS. J. A. FERGUSON.

## BUTLER PRESBYTERY MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Ladies' Missionary Association of Butler Presbytery held its 9th Annual meeting, at White Oak Springs, June 28, 1888. Twenty-four ladies, representing eleven Women's and five Young Ladies' Societies, responded to roll call. Nineteen societies and 498 members were reported in the presbytery. During the year one thousand six hundred and three dollars and twenty-four cents ($1,603.24) has been contributed by these societies, together with a thank offering of $90.00.

An excellent address of welcome was delivered by Miss Blanche Brunemer, which was responded to by Miss Mamie Frew in a fitting manner.

Mrs. J. P. Davis gave an excellent report of the proceedings of the Washington Convention which she had attended as delegate. A paper on Mission Bands was read by Laura R. Shoop. Of the $250 donated for special work, $150 was appropriated to the Dr. White Memorial Hospital, and $100 to the Los Angeles parsonage fund. The treasurer was instructed to forward $4.00 to the treasurer of the Woman's Board to assist in defraying their incidental expenses.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Clark, of Prospect; Vice-President, Mrs. J. P. Davis, of Pardoe; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sadie Reed, of Centreville; Recording Secretary, Miss Mary Boyd, of Freeport; Treasurer, Miss McLain, of Freeport. The delegates to the next General Association are Mrs. Breaden, of Sunbury, and Mrs. Dr. Martin, of Grove City; Alternates, Mrs. Esther Dyke and Mrs. Sadie Leslie.

Resolutions were adopted lamenting the fact that our government will not join with other nations in their attempts to prohibit the importation of alcoholic liquors into heathen countries; endorsing all temperance work; thanking God for the rapid spread of the gospel; endorsing the Dr. White Memorial Hospital, and requesting all local societies to contribute to same; thanking our Heavenly Father for the return of our sister, Miss Emma Anderson, and for the successful work accomplished by her; lamenting the death of our former Vice-President, Mrs. Dr. Neyman, of Butler, and extending our symathy to the bereaved family; thanking the ladies of White Oak Springs for their generous hospitality.

During the evening session an interesting and instructive address was delivered by Miss Emma Anderson. Adjourned to meet in Harmony at the call of the President.

SECRETARY.

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## BROOKVILLE PRESBYTERY MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Missionary Society of the Brookville Presbytery met in the Reformed Presbyterian church, in Bellview, June 19, at 3 p. m. Devotional exercises were conducted by the President, Mrs. Rev. Robinson. Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read. A letter was then listened to with interest, addressed to the society, from Miss Anna Given, a missionary to India, in which she described the necessity of more laborers in God's Vineyard.

Very encouraging reports were given from eight Societies and two Mission Bands. The reports were such as showed marked advancement in the work, and we trust all present were inspired with renewed zeal to work more earnestly in the future.

As there were present a number of ladies from sister denominatjons a cordial greeting was extended them. Remarks for the general encouragement of members were made by Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Given. Bible readings and discussions on the four crowns: The "Crown of Glory," the "Crown of Rejoicing," the "Crown of Righteousness," and the "Crown of Life." A committee on resolutions, also on nomination of officers, was appointed.

Miss Morrow, the delegate to the General Missionary Society, gave an interesting report of that meeting. Mrs. Ewing was chosen delegate, and Mrs. Robinson alternate to the General Missionary Society, which meets in Argyle. An assessment of $2 is to be made on each local society to defray the expenses of delegate to the General Missionary Society, this money to be sent to the treasurer and she to forward it to the delegate. On motion each local society is to pay $1 to the contingent fund of the Woman's Board.

Conference subject: "What encouragement have we for missionary work?" Opened by Mrs Ewing, followed by a number of ladies. The remarks were all very encouraging to missionary workers. A thank offering of $17 was given by four of the local societies, after which the society joined in singing two verses of the 62nd Psalm. The meeting was closed with prayer and benediction by Rev. H. W. Temple.

### EVENING SESSION.

Opening Psalm—"Better to Trust."
Reading of scripture and prayer.

Address of welcome by Lizzie Meredith; response by Stella Galbreath. Singing—"Let Earth be glad." A very earnest address by the retiring president, in which she gave a history of the Ladies' Missionary work in the past; showed that the work is progressing rapidly, and urged that the Ladies Board should be encouraged.

Recitation by Miss Maggie Breakey, followed by music. The Mission Band from Baxter gave a very interesting performance Essay by Miss Mame Woods, Subject—"Woman's Work for Jesus;" we then listened to a recitation by Sadie Robinson; after singing Miss Lizzie Dickey read an interesting letter from Miss Kate Corbett, missionary to India; essay, by Miss Emma McGiffin, followed by a prayer, by Miss Jennie Morrow, in behalf of our missionaries. Subject for conference: "What relation does temperance bear to missionary work?" Opened by Mrs. Campbell; a very enthusiastic discussion followed, in which the ministers took part. The meeting closed with singing and benediction by Rev. Given.

### WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Prayer meeting conducted by Mrs. Morrow. Report from the committee on nomination of officers submitted the following: President, Mrs. Rev. Given; Vice-President, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. C. Millin; Recording Secretary Miss Jennie Morrow; Corresponding Secretary, Mary Work; Treasurer, Mrs. T. B. Galbreath. The local societies are urged to send all their funds through the treasurer, Mrs. T. B. Galbreath; after expenses are all payed what money is in the treasury is to be kept as a contingent fund. On motion a vote of thanks was tendered our missionaries, Miss Kate Corbett and Miss Annie Given, for their letters of encouragement and interest. The society joined in singing two verses of the 96th Psalm and adjourned to meet in June, 1889.

The following are the resolutions adopted:

*Resolved*, That, as a Presbyterial Society, we feel encouraged in our work. As our contributions have increased we recognize the Spirit's work among us stirring us up to duty and increasing our interest in the Master's service.

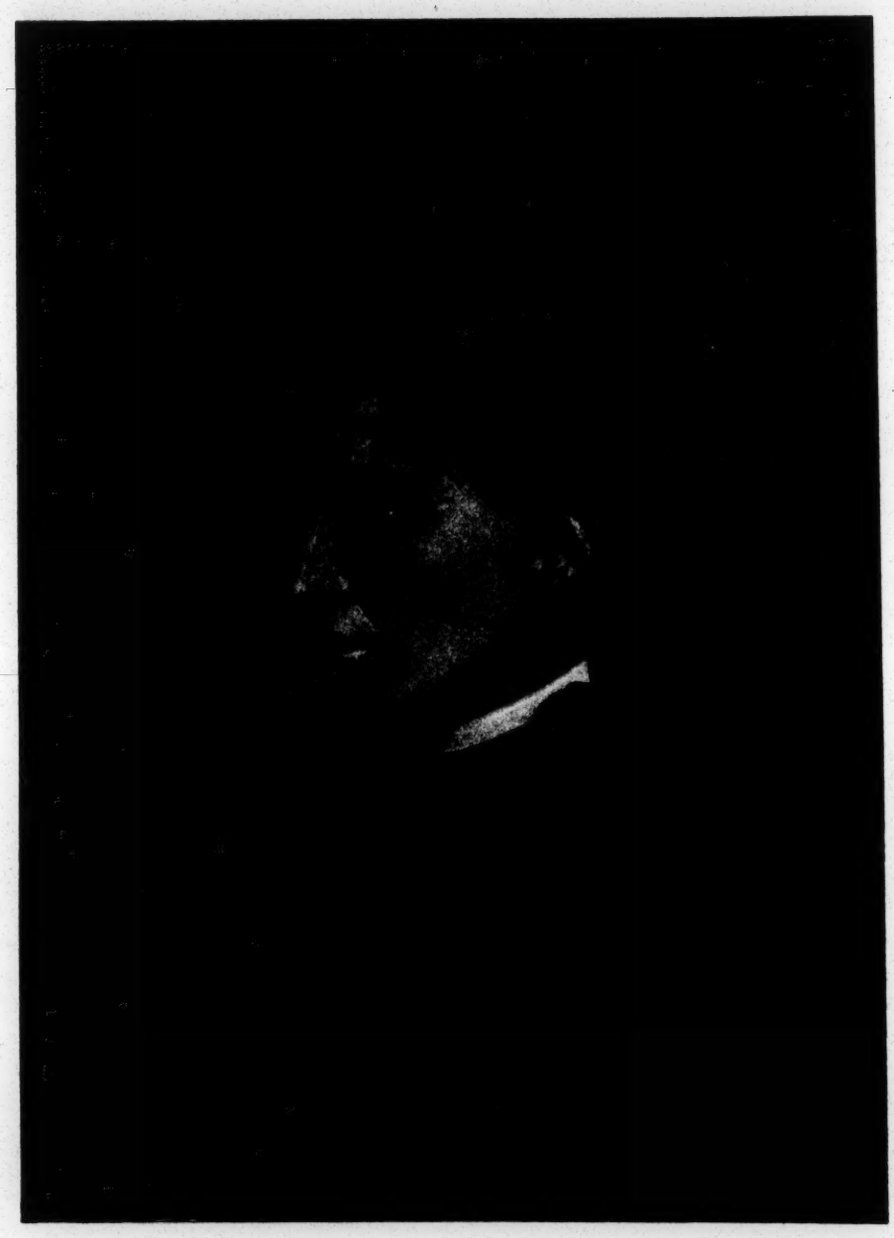
*Resolved*, That this society expresses its sympathy with our dear sister, Mrs. N. H. Duff, in her great sorrow, and commend her to the loving and faithful God, who has promised to be the Helper of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

*Resolved*, That, as a society, we do most heartily endorse the Temperance cause, and consider it intimately connected with the work of missions, as alike the friend and benefactor of the race, in leading men to virtue and heaven, without whose cooperative influence missions would be a failure.

*Resolved*, That we return hearty thanks to the society of Beaver Run for the kind reception accorded us, and also to our sisters of the Covenanter church for the use of their building, and to members of other denominations for their kindness in assisting to make our evening meeting so pleasant and successful.

*Resolved*, That thanks be given to our president for the dignified and impartial manner in which she has presided over our meetings, and to the other officers for the satisfactory manner in which they have fulfilled their duties.

SECRETARY OF SOCIETY.



Your sincere friend
Mary S. Sullivan

PHOTOTYPE F. OUTERBRIDGE PHILAD'A.